WRESTLING THEN & NOW

Evan Ginzburg - Editor/Publisher P.O. Box 640471 Oakland Gardens Station Flushing, NY 11364

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Sanctioned By World Wide Wrestling Federation

World Championship
WRESTLING

Program 50 cents Abe Ford Promoter

BOSTON GARDEN
SAT. APRIL 26/68 8:30 P.M.

Title Claimant Killer
Kowalski

This Is It !

vs.

World Champ Bruno
Sammartino

Match of The Century

Ginzburg's Gab

What's up wrestling historians? Glad you're back on board for another nostalgic ride...

This month we take you back in time as we globetrot from Australia to the WWWF to Denver and to the Pacific Northwest (and for those who say there's never any "Now" in WT&N, we have current superstar, Horseman Paul Roma in an interview taped earlier in the year). One thing I learned from my reader polls is that everyone wants to read about THEIR territory, so with only 10 pages a month it's a juggling act, but we do try to spread things about geographically and in terms of clips & articles covering different decades as well. The WT&N 1993 Annual, Rarities, Oddities & Territories ($8) also featured several title histories (Toronto, Detroit, ICW etc.), and we'll be bringing those back next month in WT&N as well (I didn't want to overdo a good thing). Upcoming issues also feature great interviews with Johnny Valentine, Ox Baker, Lanny Poffo, Wayne St. Wayne, Tiger Conway Sr. and Jr., Don Owen, and a very special feature in which Chris Adams, Stu Hart, Bruce Hart & Skandor Akbar pay tribute to Kerry Von Erich. Next issue John Mehno looks at the old WWWF in an extended feature as well so be here each and every month and thanks again for your support of our underdog newsletter! And by the way, this issue's Australian piece is by the editor of Piledriver which may very well be the finest wrestling publication in the world and that ain't just hype. Imagine a sheet attitude in a magazine format & you've got Piledriver- if you've never seen it, you don't know what you've been missing! ($6 to Lazarus Doblesky- PO Box 34 Glenhuntly, Vic. Australia 3163).

While on the subject of sheets, also worth checking out are the Pro Wrestling Torch ($6/4) to Wade Keller at PO Box 201844 Minneapolis, Mn. 55420, the very underated Pro Wrestling Monthly ($2 to 568 Speedwell Ave. Morris Plains, NJ 07950) and for tremendous interviews catch The Wrestling Flyer ($1.50 to John Clark at PO Box 283, Wallingford, Pa. 19020).

Anyway, I'm back to the 2 job, newsletter, radio spot grind, but in this economy I'm just grateful to be paying my bills and all that stuff. I celebrate my 34th birthday this October 27, and in the very near future (6/94 to be exact) will also celebrate 20 years of attending live wrestling shows, so time marches on, and thanks to YOUR support, so does WT&N which will be celebrating it's 4th anniversary this January! I'm proud of the fact this thing comes out every month like clockwork. It may not be the most professional looking thing in the world thanks to the fact that I'm only computer semi-literate, but we're reliable at least!

Speaking of wrestling shows, don't some ringsiders in crowd shots on TV remind you of MTV's Beavis & Butthead? These are the kinds of important issues we explore right here in WT&N!

Gee, sure wish the majors would put on another dozen or so Pay Per Views, most of which aren't all that wonderful to begin with. Talk about over-saturation, huh? And isn't it ridiculously anti-climatic when WCW gives away all the title changes by pre-taping months ahead? I'm from the old school- entertain me and SURPRISE me- I DON'T want to know the outcomes ahead of time (although 9 out of 10 times it doesn't require great genius to figure them out anyway!).

Eddie Goldman's column starts this issue and will run with some regularity in WT&N. Eddie, like me is ANGERED at the sad deterioration of the "majors" (who are looking more and more like "minors" with each passing month), and he isn't shy about telling it. Eddie also is an eclectic, interesting guy with a zillion interests so he may just touch on some non-wrestling issues as well. I personally feel my readers can more than handle some non-wrestling stuff in the sheet as you folk have some really diverse interests, but I do get some heat sometimes in the vein of, "Just what does this have to do with wrestling?" I don't know about you, but when I see sheets where Pay Per Views are analyzed before and after they occur as if they were the Super Bowl and World Series rolled into one, I often wonder, "Do these people have too much time on their hands or what?" (Oh boy, I can see the hate mail coming now!). Believe me, I'm well aware of the fact that this newsletter is FAR from flawless (the Pulitzer Prize committee neglects us year after year!), but I can honestly put each issue out feeling that I've done my absolute best to give you your $1.25 worth, and try to do something different from what's out there (hopefully a bargain in this era of $1.50/$1.75 sheets!).

By the way, I'm still on each and every Fri. nite/Sat. morn on WBAI (99.5 FM) in NYC on Light Show. My Wrestling Update Segment generally airs between 3:30 and 4:00 AM and it's pretty tongue in cheek as opposed to the "wrestling as religion" mode of wrestling broadcasting most are accustomed to. The last Fri. of every 2nd month I do anywhere from 30 minutes to an hour with a guest(s) and as we've already had on Kangaroo Al Costello, Jim Cornette, Ox Baker, Mike Lano, Stately Wayne Manor, Brains on Films' George Maranville and the Genius Lanny Poffo (who got a little annoyed at me when I referred to his brother being a "character" when he was younger- see ICW piece in '93 annual!), if you've been missing it, it's a blast! Listen the last Fri. of Oct. and Dec. for our interview segments or tell a NYC based fan to tape if for 'ya!

By the way, for those of you who care about such things, the autographs on the cover are REAL! I'm always looking to buy or trade wrestling or any other autographs so please keep me in mind!

Serious jams caught live: African bands Virunga and Samite (Afro-pop "ROCKS!" as Beavis and Butthead would say!), and blues greats Son Seals and A.C. Reed.

Must see flicks for you action lovers out there: John Woo's Hard Boiled, Clint Eastwood in In The Line Of Fire and Larry Fishburne and wacky Jeff Goldblum in Deep Cover (intense). By the way, anything by Woo is worth seeing-wild!

Anyway, be good, enjoy the issue, keep in touch, and don't try those holds at home!

MAKE ALL CHECKS PAYABLE TO EVAN GINZBURG!

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(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

SAMMARTINO WINS GARDEN MAT BOUT

N.Y. TIMES

Bruno Sammartino of Abruzzi, Italy, defeated George (The Animal) Steele of Detroit last night before a crowd of 5,527 in the professional wrestling feature at Madison Square Garden.

With a flurry of kicks and punches, Sammartino grabbed Steele by the arm and swung him into a ringside post. The Italian pounced on his opponent and pinned him in 12 minutes 11 seconds of the match.

In the semi-final exhibition, Professor Toru Tanaka and Mitzu Arakowa defeated Victor Rivera and Haystack Calhoun in two of three falls.

In a midget tag-team exhibition, Little Beaver, Jamaica Kid and Cowboy Bradley beat Sky Low Low, Little Brutus and Billy The Kid in three of four falls. 7-2-69

Bruno, Killer Disqualified

Bruno Sammartino and Killer Kowalski were both disqualified and the main-event match declared a draw after each failed to obey the referee at the Garden last night. N.Y.

A rematch has been scheduled for Friday night March 7.

There were 9639 fans on hand who paid $35,044 to see the action. 2-18-69

Heels, Faces and Sleeperholds

Lazarus Dobelsky

It is a Sunday afternoon sometime in the mid-sixties and my father and I are watching TV. On the sun-faded 20" screen of a Kreisler Black and White, two men in swimming trunks are facing each other in a wrestling ring only slightly bigger than a Kelloggs Corn Flakes box. One is a tall, dark, clean-cut American. His opponent is a shorter, sour looking Japanese who insists on performing a sumo ritual prior to the match, complete with prayer mat and ceremonial salt.

The American is magnanimous. He good-naturedly tells the referee that he'll allow his opponent to complete the ritual. He has no fear. The Japanese wrestler unexpectedly grins at the studio audience and bows to the American. As the American wrestler, anxious to start the match, leans over to get a good look at how the ritual is progressing, the Japanese wrestler grabs a fistful of salt and throws it into the American's eyes.

The American starts screaming and flails blindly around the ring, knocking the referee over in the process whilst the dastardly Japanese exits the ring and the studio. Another tall but decidedly older American with glasses and an ill fitting plaid jacket bursts onto the TV screen.

Within weeks of the first shows... Kowalski was being attacked in Kings Cross by little old ladies of all origins wielding umbrellas.

"It's unbelievable... disgusting. Mitsu Arakawa has thrown salt in Mark Lewin's eyes. Lewin may be blinded after this Pearl Harbour. The sneaky Japanese will pay for this."

The credits roll up on the screen as my father, veins bursting in his temples, turns down the volume and awaits the start of Epic Theatre in a few minutes time. Fuming, he turns to me and says "Well I hope you learned a lesson from all of this."

That's my first memory of one of the most fondly remembered TV shows of the 1960s - *World Championship Wrestling*. Some of the dialogue I've recorded above may not be entirely accurate, but I believe it's what we remember happened, rather than what actually happened, that counts most.

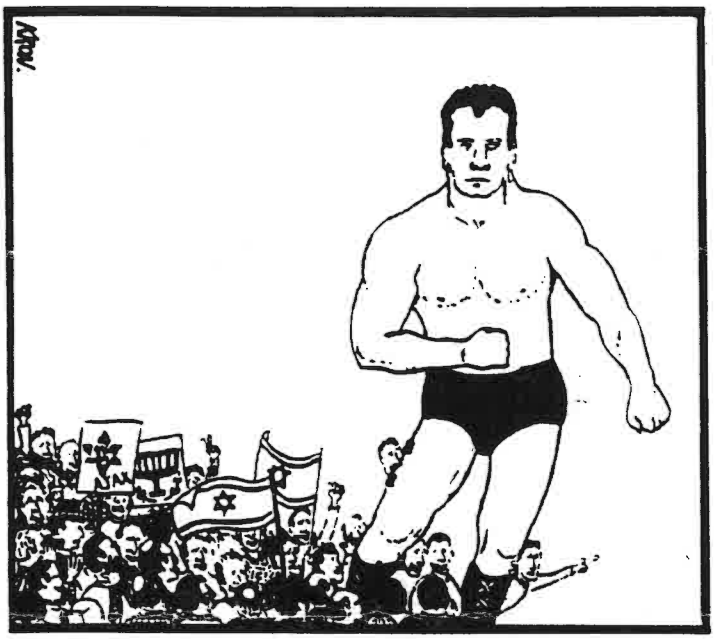
Between 1964 and 1973, professional wrestling was arguably the most popular 'sport' in Australia. It may be hard for a generation which obtained its culture from the back of bubblegum cards to appreciate, but in the mid to late 1960s *World Championship Wrestling* on Channel 9 in Brisbane, Sydney and Melbourne was one of the highest rated TV programmes. Each weekend thousands of people, enthused by the TV story, would flock to Festival Halls in Brisbane and Melbourne, Sydney Stadium and numerous smaller municipal arenas to watch live professional wrestling.

But to begin at the beginning:

In 1964 American promoters Jim Barnett and Johnny Doyle presented their first *World Championship Wrestling* shows in Australia under the auspices of a non-existent governing body called the International Wrestling Alliance, allegedly located in San Francisco. Barnett and Doyle had entered a lucrative contract with Channel 9 to package a television programme with studio bouts and skits which would 'feed' into the live shows they would present every weekend in the major capital cities on Australia's eastern seaboard. Although Australia had been a huge market for wrestling after World War II, the years before 1964 had been very quiet: Barnett and Doyle had to start virtually from scratch to create their own market. What they, Barnett in particular, did does not appear particularly creative in hindsight, but at the time it proved to be a goldmine which made Barnett a millionaire several times over.

After the war, Australia had become a haven for European migrants. Australia was flooded with 'ethnics' of all descriptions, particularly Greeks and Italians. Barnett decided to capitalise on these racial demographics, and booked his first wrestling package with that in mind.

The first imports included the archetypal Italian gentleman Dominic De Nucci, a 'close friend' of Lyndon B. Johnson (at a time when the Australian populace still supported the Vietnam War), the giant Tex McKenzie, the exotic Mongolian Stomper, a Greek good guy in George Manousis and the legendary Polish/Canadian villain (in wrestling terms 'heel') Killer Kowalski. Within weeks of the first shows De Nucci was lauded as a national hero by Australia's Italian migrants and Kowalski was being attacked in Kings Cross by little old ladies of all origins wielding umbrellas.



Professional wrestling is rarely noted for its subtlety. It relies on larger than life athletes engaging in ostensible combat in a ring - a combat that is as much theatrical as if is athletic. The aim of a bout is not to have a winner and a loser. The aim of both wrestlers is, in wrestling terms, to create or draw 'heat' - to raise the audience's excitement level to a crescendo and then give it a cathartic release. This is achieved by either the good guy ('face') defeating the bad guy ('heel') or some other event (like the arena burning down or a member of the audience suffering an epileptic fit).

Barnett and Doyle relied a great deal on ethnic rivalry and racial stereotypes to create heat. They found their biggest drawcards by handpicking famous American wrestlers who fitted the demographic breakdown of Australia's wrestling-going public. Wrestling was booming world-wide at this time, with over 1,000 employed wrestlers in the U.S. alone, so Barnett and Doyle had a huge market from which to choose. Mario Milano, who would later make his home in Melbourne, was snatched by the Italian community to its collective breast. Spiros Arion, who was beginning to rise to the top of the wrestling business in the mid sixties, became kingpin of Australia's large Greek communities. And the Jews? Though small in number, they too had an authentic hero in New York's finest, Mark Lewin.

Lewin was a double header for Barnett and Doyle. To the Jews, he was their gladiator in arms on a Saturday night and didn't embarrass them on TV the following morning. To the rest of the population, Lewin was a gentlemanly clean-cut American who represented what we liked best about Americans - he wasn't loud. Plus he had a finishing hold of indefinable beauty and simplicity: the sleeper hold. In terms of overall fan appeal, Lewin was probably the most popular wrestler of the day. He was pitted against (always sneaky) Japanese wrestlers like Mitsu Arakawa or Professor Tanaka or Nazi wrestlers like Waldo Von Erich (actually Bill Sheppard from Canada) with great success.

When Von Erich first appeared on *World Championship Wrestling* one bleak weekend, my father and thousands of Jews had an apoplectic fit. It wasn't the jackboots, leather whip or evil strut that did it. It was the metal swastika brazenly affixed to Waldo's storm-trooper helmet as he sneered into Camera No. 1 and straight into our living rooms. My father nearly punched out the Kreisler's tube. The next week, curiously, the swastika on Waldo's helmet had been replaced by an Iron Cross. Although it was years before I found out the reason, I had just witnessed the power of the Jewish lobby in action for the first time.

The skits, which set up a feud between wrestlers, ('angles' in wrestling parlance) or continued a particular storyline varied from the truly woeful to the outlandishly bizarre. The one described at the beginning of this article served two purposes. A blinded Mark Lewin had to return to America for treatment which only his personal doctor in New York could give him and which would take several months. (Luckily very few Australian fans were aware that during his period of treatment, Lewin was headlining arenas from Los Angeles to New York where, curiously, his affliction did not prove to be detrimental). When Lewin returned to our shores - miraculously cured, my father assures me, by the collective prayers of our community - his return bouts with Mitsu Arakawa filled arenas across Australia for 3 weeks, attracting a total of 80,000 paying patrons.

Two angles stand out from the hundreds beamed into our living rooms from that era. They had such an emotional impact that even now, 25 years later, I have yet to meet one person who watched *World Championship Wrestling* who does not remember them as vividly as if they had been viewed a day previously. Both involved the Italian superstar who became a genuine local legend, Mario Milano.

The first involved the most famous manager of the time, Playboy Gary Hart. (I had a hard time getting my father to

define "Playboy" for me!) Hart confronted the good-natured but simple Milano in one episode of World Championship Wrestling and used his intense dark eyes to hypnotise Milano, though to what end we weren't sure. Within a week Milano had grown sideburns and a dastardly pencil thin moustache and mysteriously turned heel (see earlier definition) giving his opponents undeserved beatings. My father, a life long amateur dabbler in hypnotism, assured me that this was possible due to Hart's powerful gaze, which surprisingly hadn't been remarked upon before.

Milano's turn to heel lasted only a few weeks - business in Lygon Street had soured. Milano's new allies in mayhem, The Spoiler and Waldo Von Erich, attacked Milano's former tag team partner and buddy, Antonio Pugliese, before a match. They were on the verge of destroying him, when lo and behold, out of the showers ran a soap caked Milano to help his old buddy Pugliese. Together, they sent the bad guys scurrying. A tearful reconciliation followed and the following week the sideburns and moustache were gone.

The second angle, the memory of which even now sends a chill down my spine, featured the incomparable Irish villain with the 3 inch thick skull, Skull Murphy.

In the Channel 9 Studio, Milano was being presented with a transistor radio by a young spastic boy in a wheelchair. He and others at the spastic centre had saved up their pocket-money to buy their hero a present. As Milano accepted the radio, Skull Murphy stormed onto the set, abused Milano and grabbed the radio from him. Before Milano could make a move, Murphy smashed the radio on the floor and ran off leaving a bewildered Milano, who fell to his knees and in vain tried to piece together those parts of the radio that were left intact. I'll never forget the look of shock on the face of the young spastic boy.

By the early 1970s, Australia and Australians had changed. There was more of a feeling that the country was homogenising into one distinct culture with many facets, but one that was recognisably Australian. That feeling was reflected in the burgeoning film and popular music industries, and of course, in professional wrestling, which had retained its popularity.

Australian superstars were created in the likes of Larry O'Dea and Ron Miller. It was no longer sufficient for Jim Barnett (Doyle had passed away in 1969) to pit traditional ethnic types against each other to draw the crowds. So Jim came up with a killer angle - the People's Army.

The People's Army consisted of Mark Lewin, King Curtis (a true native Hawaiian) and an assorted bunch of good guys (usually including Milano and Arion) and they, like the 3 Musketeers, had been brought together by fate to fight the good fight against nastiness in the ring. Their enemies were Big Bad John's Army. Big Bad John was a biker type heel who, many years later, was murdered in a drug war. His cohorts in nastiness (in the ring, not drug wars) were the live-chicken-eating Abdullah the Butcher, Brute Bernard (a sub-moronic character who accidentally killed himself in the 1980s playing Russian Roulette) and the aforementioned Waldo Von Erich.

The People's Army versus Big Bad John's Army storyline ran for years and when it finally came to rest - several hundred tag team matches, Texas death matches, Russian Chain matches, chicken-wire cage matches and loser leaves town matches later - the second golden post-war era of professional wrestling in Australia for all intents and purposes came to an end. The one golden rule of promotion had been breached - never overkill an angle. The audience had become burned out. Jim Barnett escaped back to his native USA leaving several hundred thousand dollars in debts and a slew of local promoters scrambling to fill the niche vacated. None succeeded, and the crowds dwindled even more. Eventually, predictably, Channel 9 pulled the plug and *World Championship Wrestling* was cancelled in 1977.

Professional wrestling today is quite a different creature to the spectacle enjoyed by millions in the 60s and 70s. In its native America the athleticism and brutality of bygone years has been largely replaced by pomp and glitter and little circumstance. Although it is still enjoyed by millions, it appeals to a different audience. More money, for example, is now made from the sale of wrestling merchandise such as dolls and pyjamas to middle class children, than is raked in at the arenas for the bouts themselves. As a result many 'old time' fans have switched off completely or find their pleasure in other spectator sports. Even my father, the ultimate armchair grappler and keen eyed observer of all moves foul, can no longer muster any interest in pro wrestling.

As usual, he had the last word on the subject. Whilst visiting New York about three years ago he switched on the TV in his hotel room to see the latest World Wrestling Federation extravaganza. The heel, Jake "the Snake" Roberts, carried a huge boa constrictor into the ring which in the past he had draped on his vanquished foes. His opponent, Ricky "the Dragon" Steamboat, not to be outdone this time, brought a giant iguana to the ring to fend off the snake. My father turned off the TV in disgust.

"It was like Wild Kingdom. It was all show," he said, "not *real* wrestling like in the old days."

I didn't have the heart to tell him.

Postscript: Mark Lewin was last seen floating around Hawaii as one of society's dropouts, and for a while flirted with the idea of becoming a Buddhist. He changed his mind.

Lazarus Dobelsky is a Melbourne lawyer who also publishes Australia's only wrestling magazine, *Piledriver*.

INTERVIEW WITH PAUL ROMA

By: Ms Billie Jessee

READY, WILLING AND ABLE...describes Paul Roma. He has always been ready, to take on anyone wrestling or boxing, always willing to give his time to the young people and sick kids and most able to be a winner in anything he does. Here is a guy that has made it big without all the glitz and glimmer and gimmicks. All he needs is his wrestling and boxing ability and skills which has made him one of the WWF's most popular stars.

Q: What is your ring name?
A: Paul Roma
Q: Have you wrestled under any other name?
A: No.
Q: We are all know that you've wrestled in the WWF. What other promotions have you worked for?
A: None other than the WWF. They were the one that I started with and ended with, although I don't think he<Vince> ever gave me the recognition I deserved. I didn't agree with or tolerate their tactics. They didn't want to get rid of a good talent but at the same time, they didn't want to promote my talents. We were told that we would have the dolls, T-shirts, music to enter the ring. They promised us this and we never saw anything. Everybody else around us got everything and we got nothing. They let us have a taste of the belts in the Nassau Coliseum and took them away from us the same night. I got into wrestling to help kids and they wouldn't allow me to do that, after a while. On several occasions, I have been asked to do charity work with the kids and the WWF would tell the people that I was working and out of town when in fact, I was not working and wanted to do the charity work with the kids. These were my days off yet the WWF would not allow me to do what I wanted, even after speaking with Vince and telling him of my handicap sister and my desire to help the kids. It got to the point where they were really jerking us around and we decided we had to get out before they ruined me, my partner and our name, which we had worked so hard for.
Q: Tell us how you got your start in wrestling?
A: I was asked by an ex-pro fighter to get into it and thought it'd be a good idea to be a role model for the kids. I made the mistake of being too honest. When I first broke into wrestling, I was very outspoken and I couldn't figure out what everyones' problem was. I'm a very honest guy but I found out that you can't be that way in the locker room. If you are, it's only going to hurt you but on the other hand, when you've made it, you know you've made it. I didn't play their bedroom games nor tolerate just anything they wanted. I kept myself in tact and not too many guys can say that.
Q: Where were you born?
A: I was born in Conn.
Q: Do you have any amateur wrestling background?
A: Just a little bit in jr high school.
Q: Who were you trained by?
A: Mr. Fuji.
Q: What achievement are you most proud of?
A: That I've set my goals, helping the handicapped kids.
Q: Who were your wrestling heroes while growing up?
A: I never watched wrestling. In fact, my first day with the WWF was a tv taping and I didn't know anyone.
Q: Did you pattern your style of wrestling after anyone?
A: I believe in being unique. I'm a trend-setter, not a follower.
Q: What is your strongest point, as a wrestler?
A: Strength and agility.
Q: What has been your most embarrassing moment?
A: The first time I was told to lose a match.
Q: Have you wrestled overseas?
A: Kuwait, Australia, Italy, London, Japan. I believe I've been just about everywhere with the exception of Germany.
Q: Who has been the greatest influence on you?
A: My dad.
Q: What is your height and weight?
A: I'm 5'11 and weigh 230.
Q: Who has been your toughest opponent?
A: Myself. I'm my biggest critic.
Q: Would you like to see wrestling have only one world champion?
A: No and I hope not. That's what Vince was trying to do. At one point, he was trying to monopolize everything and corner the market in wrestling. He tried to put the independent promotions out of business by hiring everybody he could and almost broke NWA/WCW. But the WCW has gotten stronger and the independents are picking up again and I think that's what we need.

SAMMARTINO-RIVERA WRESTLING VICTORS

(TIMES)

Bruno Sammartino and Victor Rivera defeated Killer Kowalski and Professor Tanaka in two of three falls last night in a professional wrestling tag-team exhibition at Madison Square Garden. N.Y.C.

Rivera achieved victory for his team by pinning Tanaka in 6 minutes 23 seconds before a crowd of 7,670.

In the semi-final, 620-pound Haystack Calhoun beat Bill Miller in 5:16.

In a midget tag-team event, Sky Low Low and Little Brutus defeated Pee Wee Russell and Cowboy Bradley in two of three falls. 5-15-69

Luke Graham was defeated by Don De Nucci in 11:43; Baron Scicluna and John L. Sullivan drew; Bulldog Brower defeated Duke Savage in 9:11 and Buster Gordon was defeated by Lou Albano in 10:41.

SAMMARTINO WHIPS THE SHEIK BY A NOSE

(TIMES)

Pandemonium broke loose in Madison Square Garden last night as Bruno Sammartino of Abruzzi, Italy, defeated The Sheik in the feature heavyweight wrestling event before more than 12,000 wildly screaming, foot-stomping fans. The Sheik was billed as the Syrian champion. 11-19-68

For all practical purposes, the exhibition ended before the opening bell. The Sheik and his manager attacked Sammartino's cousin, Dominic DeMucci, when he attempted to enter the ring.

DeMucci retaliated by throwing The Sheik over the ropes and grabbing the manager, dressed in a red plaid sports jacket, olive green pants, plaid shoes, and a bright red fez. By the time Sammartino made the scene, enraged fans had crowded the ring and spattered The Sheik with beer. N.Y.

The police finally escorted the manager out of the arena, but not before he was punched and kicked by several fans, who were also escorted from the arena.

MSGarden wrestling next Wednesday features Bruno Sammartino. 5-10-69

Wrestling Results

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions)

CHAMPIONSHIP

Bruno Sammartino, 265, of Italy defeated Waldo Von Eric, 270, of Germany at 16:54.

TAG TEAM 10-29

Mitzu Arkakawa, 252, and Prof. Toro Tanaka, 275, both Japan, defeated Antonio Pugliese, 242, and D. Denucci,250, both of Italy at 9:10.

Jean Dubois, 240, Paris, defeats dLou Albano, 252, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., at 9:18.

Mike Riker, 255, Alaska, defeated Jack Veasey, 240, Charlotte, N. C., at 7:58.

Eric the Red, 310, Denmark, defeated Tony Altemore ,256, Stamford ,Cnon., at 9:48.

Vic Rivera, 240, Puerto Rico, defeated Joe Con, 270, Tampa, Fla., at 11:18.

Gorilla Monsoon, 401, Manchuria, defeated Killer Kowalski, Detroit, 270, by disqualification at 10:57.

Ernie Ladd, 315, K. C., defeats dBaron Scicluna, 265, Malta, at 6:17. N.Y.

Q: Do you have a workout schedule?
A: Yes, I do. I train 2 hrs a day. When I was wrestling, I trained 24 days a month and now with boxing, it's different. I'm in the gym about 14 hrs a week. It's more cardial, running. I stop training with weights two weeks before a fight. Boxing is much harder. In wrestling when you get tired, you know what to do to take a rest but in boxing, when you get tired, you can't rest and take a break. If you do you'd get killed.
Q: Do you remember your first pro match?
A: Actually I wrestled twice that day. It was in Mass at a high school against Gino Carobello and I don't remember the other guy...I won.
Q: How long have you been wrestling?
A: Six years.
Q: How do you feel about the independent promotions compared to the major leagues?
A: Well, it's really hard to compare the two because like I said earlier, I started and ended with the WWF. The major leagues gives you more exposure but the independent promotions help out a lot especially when you're starting out.
Q: What has been your greatest moment in your career?
A: Probably this little boy that I talked to who had open-heart surgery. Before he went into the operating room, he told his mom to thank Paul for everything and wore my Glory shirt.
Q: You have worked single matches as well as tag teams?
A: Yes.
Q: Which do you prefer?
A: Well, I really enjoyed the tag team of Power and Glory.
Q: Who were some of your tag team partners?
A: I started with S.D. Jones then went on to Jimmy Powers. We were the Young Stallions. But, the most successful was Power or Glory.
Q: Complete this sentence...To be a winner you must.....?
A: Be honest and believe in what you do.
Q: What was your finishing move?
A: Hercules would superplex the guy of the top rope and I'd splash him.
Q: Do you think there should be any restrictions as far as wrestling holds and moves?
A: No.
Q: What kind of injuries have you had during your career?
A: I've had a number of them. Broken ankles, busted knees, broken neck, destroyed my right elbow, broken ribs.
Q: What advise would you give to a young wrestler just beginning in the sport?
A: Look your best, do a lot of theatrics. Give the people what they want from the time you walk into the ring. Always make them remember when you come out, you're going to give them a good show. They will appreciate you...they won't forget you.
Q: In your opinion, who is the top wrestler today?
A: That's tough. I don't look at it that way. I admire nobody but myself and my God.
Q: What are your views on cable tv and ppv's? Have they helped or hurt the sport?
A: It's just another way of making more money.
Q: Tell us something about your educational background?
A: I graduated from high school and went to the Univ of New Haven.
Q: What do you think about the alcohol and drug abuse in wrestling?
A: It's big and it's out of control. At one point, we were only tested for cocaine and the wrestlers can clear that test. So, they picked up on the steroids, other drugs, and drink alcohol on top of it. Now, I hear that they're testing for a number of things.
Q: Do you think the promoters should have random steroid/drug testing?
A: They DO have random testing but they tell the wrestlers when they're going to be tested and that's how they get away with it. They're not letting the media and public know, but yes, they are told when the testing is going to be and that's how they're beating it. I'm not saying everytime but it does happen most of the time and all the guys have to do is take somebody elses' pi*s that's clean.
Q: What made you switch from wrestling to boxing?
A: Well, a buddy of mine, who is my manager, spoke to me about getting into boxing. He knows Kevin Rooney, Mike Tysons former trainer, sent me to his camp and things went from there.
Q: How many fights have you had so far?
A: I've had 3 pro fights, 2 and 1 with 2 knockouts. My next one will be August 7, at Madison Square Garden.
Q: What is your fav tv show?
A: Probably, Married With Children.
Q: What is your fav color?
A: Red.
Q: What is your fav food?
A: Manicotti
Q: When is your birthday?
A: April 29
Q: What are your hobbies and interests, outside of wrestling?

BREAK HOLD, WIN $1,000

Mighty Johnny Powers, the Canadian strong man, has a standing offer that could mean $1,000 for anyone who is capable of breaking a hold.

Powers calls his special manuever a "Power Lock," and he entwines his legs around an opponent when it's applied.

So far, no one has been able to solve the brutal hold, and Powers feels no one ever will. "I'll pay anyone $1,000 if he can break out of this one," Powers elaborated.

How effective is this hold?

Other wrestlers will verify that getting caught in his legs must be comparable to being snared by an octopus.

Powers realizes how effective the hold can be, because he insists a wrestler sign a waiver before the bout, clearing him (Powers) of any blame from the consequences.

LITTLE BEAVER

Standing 42 inches in height and weighing 92 pounds, Little Beaver is regarded as the most agile midget wrestler in the game today. Beaver was raised in northern Quebec where he learned all the secrets of trapping. When only 12, his whole family drowned when their canoe upset. After being adopted and moving to Montreal, he became interested in wrestling. He is exceptionally agile and fast. His dropkicks and tomahawk blows are very effective.

HOTLINE REPORT

* JOHNNY VALENTINE should prove to be one of the toughest wrestlers to hit the Upper Midwest in years. He's nationally known, especially in New York City, where his presence on a card has filled Madison Square Garden more than once. Valentine has met and toppled the best wrestlers in the east, and has firmly announced he has the same thing in mind for here

* JOHNNY POWERS doesn't give much of a weight advantage to anyone he meets in the ring. The Hamilton, Ont., gent tips the scales at 265.

* * *

DENVER AUDITORIUM

ARENA MAY 17th, 1967

A: I can't say I have any hobbies. Anytime I have free time, I'm usually doing charity work with the kids.
Q: Are you married?
A: Yes, with two lovely children.

Q: What type of music do you like?
A: I listen to all kinds. Rock is my favorite but not the heavy metal rock.
Q: Do you have any brothers or sisters?
A: I have one handicapped sister.
Q: Do you have any relatives who are involved in wrestling?
A: No, none.
Q: Thank you, Paul, for taking time to give us this interview.

A: Your welcome, it's been my pleasure.

Billie Jessie's Fan Clubs: Ivan Koloff, Nikita, Fantastics, Baby Doll, Italian Stallion: 812 Burwind Ct. #6 Kingsport, Tenn. 37660-5662 Write for info & check out Billie's newsletters dedicated to these greats!!!

IRON MIKE EINHORN- THE HOOTCHIE KOOTCHIE MAN

Well, I've just recovered from some major surgery. I had my mother removed from my back. Speaking of medicine, my cousin, who's a doctor, got involved romantically & sexually with some of his patients. He almost lost his license. That would have been a shame because he's one of the finest veterinarians in the New York area...Squash wrestler Barry Horowitz has been on his back more often than a hooker with a cash-flow problem...Yesterday I tried talking my neighbor out of joining the marines. I told him, "If you want to work for the government, wear a uniform, and shoot people than join the post office!"...My old girlfriend's biological clock had a snooze alarm... Her voice was so husky, it could've pulled a dog sled...Clive Barnes in the New York Post had this to say about WT&N, "I laughed 'till I stopped."... Evan was once thrown off his high school basketball team after being accused of having wandering eyes in the team shower...I tell 'ya, this column is like a well-oiled machine. There is no off position on the genius switch... I like the "Home Shopping Network" because there are no commercial interruptions... Sometimes listening to Jimmy Hart scream reminds me of a yodeler in a tight jock strap...The only bit of advice I can leave you with is this: lift with your legs, not your back.

NEXT ISSUE: Doc Lano talks to Lou Thesz and Mike Mooneyham talks with Fabulous Moolah plus all our regular features & a look at the WWA (California)!

BY MICHAEL LANO

Canvas Cavity, a sheet -like tv show with uptodate, week-old footage from all the indies and Mexico and Japan, had Wilson and Ron "the Magnificent Zulu"Pope on discussing wrestling discrimination and other unfair practices. Pope was surprised we have court transcripts from several State Athletic Commission meetings and depos from his suit against Roy Shires for racist promoting. Shires didn't lose the suit, but exposed the business and blew his territory, which gave in to the AWA and WWF in '81. Shires' promotion had been suffering since Buddy Rose(Paul Perschman) exposed the biz and Shires right on a mike in front of fans at the Cow Palace years earlier at a supposid defence against Jimmy Snuka of his U.S. title. Shires was deeper in hot water when a masked Toru Tanaka was passed as U.S. Champion Mr. Fuji in another well-publicized gaffe. "By then, I pretty much had enough of this shit. I was tired, we were running the same angles. I had my first heart attack when I found out Patterson really was gay, and had my second after seeing the shitty booking Bob Roop was doing. I don't care what Roop says in the sheets-he was the shits as a booker." Shires recently suffered two heart attacks again(9/16 and 9/20) and is in Critical Condition at a Sebastopol Hospital. I had had him on my show for several tributes last spring, and got him to join and attend Cauliflower Alley, where he hoped to rough up old enemy, Buddy Rogers. Thankfully, Buddy's magic charm worked on both Shires and the Combs', who carried age-old heat. Rogers and Shires, both had admitted on CC last year that the promoters were racist, rarely having any minority performers on their cards unless it was a novelty or in later years to only selfishly tap into expanding regional minorities in this country. Vince Sr. had, since the 50's pushed Argentina Rocca for the Latin populace, and later Bruno and Pedro which always meant big bucks at the box office. Eddie Einhorn's IWA took a big chance with Mil Mascaras as titular head in the mid-to late 70's, after Mike Lebell had milked Los Angeles huge Latino crowds on Mascaras-mania. Seems a shame when this country was built on ever-growing minority layerings ala Ellis Island. From British to Irish to Italian to Polish to Israeli to African American to Puerto Rican to Hispanic to Jamaican to Middle Eastern, this country has always been the melting pot. Wrestling is still so archaic in terms of dealing with those realities, it is still thought of as a White Man's Promotional Toy. BJ Haynes said last spring on several radio programs that Vince Jr. undid all the beneficial things Sr. had done even closely promoting minorities fairly..."Vince may be one of the countries' most notorious bigots-look how he promoted Saphire, Koko, Kimala, all disgusting stereotypes. Look how or if he's positively promoted any minories-he hasn't... and it's sad. His aryan, lily-white champ all these years was Hogan. What ajoke when you look at who makes up this country-caucasions are dwarfed by the positive numbers of other groups."

UP AGAINST THE WALL!!!
by Eddie Goldman

When Evan asked me to write a column for WT&N he told me not to focus on topics that too easily become outdated. This is because his production schedule means the articles do not reach your hands until some lengthy time after they have been written. So I guess you'll just have to wait till next month for analysis about the late-breaking news of the Iron Shiek taking the WWF belt from Bob Backlund.

Seriously, I want to use this space to explore pro wrestling's place in and effect on society, what I think is right and wrong in the business, and what direction it should take. In other words, who should go up against the wall. And if you don't know what that means, just listen to John Coltrane's piece of that name in his classic "Impressions" album. And if you still don't know-- well, I have to be fair, so try again.

NEW ENGLAND, AMERICA, AND WRESTLING'S FUTURE

In late July I visited New England to see my godchild on her sweet sixteen, and to hang out with some hardcore friends. This region is filled with many old buildings but is very clean, unlike my Dilapidated Apple. The manufacturing base has collapsed or run abroad, so many people are out of work. In Boston we saw Miller Beer workers on the roads holding banners urging a boycott of Miller products in New England because the scumbag local distributor is trying to run out the union, slash jobs and benefits-- you know the rest. The papers are filled with news of budget cutbacks as people struggle hard to make ends meet. Racist attacks on Black people abound all through the region, and the supposedly urban social ills appear in the smaller towns as well. A highlight of the Boston visit was a stop at the Institute of Contemporary Art's much-acclaimed Malcolm X exhibit. This was also a reminder that the "liberal" city of Boston remains highly segregated, yet another sign that despite all sorts of civil rights laws, Black people are still separate and unequal and the system of white supremacy is still in force.

Welcome to America. Yet like most of America, the people of New England remain strong of spirit. Few have faith that the politicians and their corporate sponsors have any solutions other than to cut, slash, and steal. The solutions will have to come from elsewhere, from, as Malcolm said, the grassroots.

Wrestling is no exception to this scenario. In New England, like most of America, there is not a lot of wrestling. Besides Titan's traveling circus, there are sporadic indie cards and sold shows. Anyone with money to invest in a regional office would find fertile ground. Yet even the mix of recycled WWF Superstars and new local talent has failed to capture many folks' imaginations. The culture of militant mediocrity rules-- in wrestling, in New England, in America.

Pro wrestling is a business and its fortunes follow a common path as the rest of American business. The contempt for quality, the get-rich-quick mentality, making very short-term profits and gains at the expense of long and even medium-term gains, stultifying bureaucratic organization, the lack of a work ethic, worker alienation and cynicism stemming from abuse and favoritism, endless scandals and crises-- gee, I just saved you a year's subscription to Meltzer and Keller and The New York Times! Wrestling's descent into hell parallels America's pissing away of its industries and quality products from autos to electronics to clothing. The mergermania of the 80's also occurred in wrestling as the two major offices gobbled up or destroyed almost everything else with the predictable slide in quality that monopolization always brings.

As the American eagle continued its nosedive in the world market, the growth of telecommunications and transportation placed the improving and often superior international products in general and in wrestling on our doorstep. We could regularly follow Japanese and Mexican wrestling for less than what a year's worth of PPV turkeys would cost. And the massive new wave of immigration placed the people of these regions literally at our doorstep.

America was changing, the world was changing, but US wrestling just wasn't keeping pace. So the post-World War II era that began with the founding of the NWA, the resurgence of wrestling through the new medium of television, and the unheralded but equally significant decades-long run of solid house show attendance, was drawing to a close.

And so be it. Clearly we need something new. Wrestling is the world's oldest sport and has been resilient from millenium to millenium, from continent to continent, throughout the history of civilization. McMahon and Turner may kill the WWF and NWA/WCW, but even they can't kill wrestling.

NEW FACES, NEW FORCES

From where will the next phase originate? Certainly not by recycling old acts and old angles. Neither will it mainly be from the current crop of independents and regionals. As much as I like Smoky Mountain (my US fave), ECW, WWA, etc., their products remain too rooted in the past, in what ceased to work, to point the way forward. SMW in particular also has too regionalized an appeal. Of course, it may not be the promoters' intentions to produce a nationally viable product or something that will bring in more than hardcore types. But that does mean we have to look largely elsewhere for the sources of the next phase.

US wrestling will be revitalized by the same forces that are rising in the world. Externally, the more athletic styles in Japan and Mexico show the shape of things to come. This has been obvious for some time. Now several of them are trying to run PPV's and house shows in the US. In Maine I showed a tape of UWFI, a "shoot-fighting" Japanese group, to two friends, one a fan and the other not. In this admittedly unscientific sample, both said they enjoyed this style and thought it could sell here if people knew what it was about and who were the wrestlers. UWFI and other potential promoters coming here would have to avoid the mistakes of US promoters to succeed. Their plan to rush into a PPV before anybody knows anything about them is not a good sign. But the high quality of their product means the potential is there if it is marketed properly. While Japanese and Mexican imports will have to be Americanized somewhat to succeed, since history has shown wrestling must remain largely a spectacle in this country to gain a large following, this can be done by working with the right people. The old master Lou Thesz has been working with UWFI. Can he pull it off? We shall see, but we certainly hope so.

The other source of unmined talent already resides here. Population trends show that by sometime in the next century, whites in America will become a minority. Already many Black performers have reinvigorated many pro sports and areas of entertainment when given the chance. Yet wrestling has no Black bookers and still serves up ugly racial and national stereotypes. Along with Latins, Asians, and other peoples and new immigrants, there is enormous talent as well as a huge potential fan base. Whoever utilizes these forces properly could usher in a new era. There is also a large cadre of former high school and college wrestlers who have few if any places to wrestle upon graduation. While some are hostile to pro wrestling, many are not. They too could contribute to the athleticism that must be at the core of a new style.

While some of the current promoters may adapt, most are so mired in backwards thinking that not even repeated failures budge them. Sure, the shells of promotions can limp along for years in this big country. But they will be irrelvant to the future course of wrestling.

In short, the running of wrestling by just white men, and through the prism of their racial and cultural biases, is not only wrong, but it can no longer work in America. A multicultural approach, drawing from a variety of national and racial sources, is the only way to produce a world class product with wide appeal here. Neither the world nor the fans will wait for wrestling promoters to catch up to them. So stock up on those tapes and memorabilia of the great shows of the past and from Japan and Mexico, since this transition to reality will have to take some time. But if any of the Japanese or Mexican promoters are savvy enough to establish more than a niche promotion here, or if some of the people in and around the business today can secure adequate financing, it may come sooner than you think.

TACOMA DAILY LEDGER, 10-5-32

FREBERG WINS OVER RUMBERG IN MAT EVENT

Hardy Kruskamp Wins Two Out of Three Falls Over Ted Sparks; Thye and Pasha Draw in First Bout

John Freberg, Swedish heavyweight, won two straight falls, over Hal Rumberg, young Spokane grappler, in the scheduled eight-round main event of the show last night at the Greenwich Coliseum after Rumberg had refused to take the first fall by default.

In the second round Freberg dislocated his right knee and offered to forfeit the fall to Rumberg but the latter refused to take the fall and allowed John several minutes "out" in which Dr. Jimmy Carroll, "Matty" Mathews and Referee "Terrible" Terry collaborated in jerking the knee back in place. Soon after hostilities were resumed Freberg bodyslammed Rumberg in 7:07 of the second round. Hal hit so hard that he dislocated a vertebrae and "bighearted" John agreed to give him a couple of minutes out and Dr. Carroll quickly repaired the injury. Freberg opened up with a vicious elbow attack and soon had Rumberg groggy and an easy victim for another body slam, the fall coming in 1:22 of the third. Barring the interruptions for medical service, there was plenty of action while the big fellows were in the ring. Freberg weighed 240 pounds and Rumberg 235.

"Hardy" Kruskamp, the handsome Ohio Stater, won two out of three falls over Ted Sparks, a tough, big fellow from Salt Lake, in the scheduled five-round semi-final. Kruskamp won the first fall in 1:50 of the second round with a series of smashing shoulder butts. Sparks evened it in the third with a flying body scissors. Sparks snagged Kruskamp but did not bring him down and as the latter tried to bring his opponent over, Sparks landed on top for the fall, in 4:32. Kruskamp took the odd fall in 2:40 of the fourth, disabling Sparks with a series of vicious shoulder butts and headlocks and pinning him with a top body hold. Each weighed 210 pounds.

In a riotious opener, Musty Pasha, the truculent Turk, and Ted Thye, Portland heavyweight, each gained a fall. Musty won the first in 3:29 of the second round with a series of headlocks, a smack to the chin and a body press. Thye evened it in the third, battering the Turk with a volley of shoulder butts, followed by a a flying wristlock and body press. Thye weighed 198 and Musty 196.

Palefaces Lose Match

1-24-1950

The Indians have won Tacoma's wrestling version of Custer's Last Stand.

Chief Thunderbird, with an assist from Hindu Tiger Joginder, dumped the paleface combine of Dick Raines and the Black Giant Monday night in the feature bout of Promoter Nick Zvolis' weekly Monday wrestling card at the Starlight club.

Chief Thunderbird was slated to team with Chief Little Wolf in the resumption of the Indian wars, but Little Wolf was called to Los Angeles because of the illness of his son, and the Hindu was rushed in as a substitute.

The palefaces took the first fall of the tag team match when the Black Giant stopped Thunderbird in 16:05 with a body press. The Joginder came back to take the next two falls and the match from the Giant.

To win the first fall in 16:05, the Hindu used his favorite Indian modine hold, then in the rough going for the third fall, he stopped the masked grappler with a body press in 3:09.

Jack Claybourne, Kansas City, defeated Bobby Burns, Butte, Mont., in 18:43 of the semifinal using a series of dropkicks and a body press for his win.

In the opener, Clyde Edwards, former Tacoma policeman, dumped Don Moore, Portland 205-pounder, with a body press in 13:58.

Wrestling

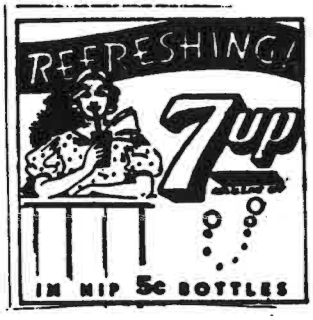
7-22-37

By Associated Press

SPRINGFIELD, Mass. — Yvon Robert, Montreal, defeated Wally Dusek, Omaha (straight falls). Weights unavailable.

PORTLAND, Ore.—Ivan Managoff, 215, Chicago, defeated King Kong Kashey, 212, New Jersey (straight falls).

LOS ANGELES.—Vincent Lopez, 230, Los Angeles, defeated Gino Garibaldi, 220, Italy (Garibaldi disqualified for rough tactics).



Seattle Wrestler Starts Near Riot

1-4-1950

AMARILLO, Tex., Jan. 3.—(AP)—A near-riot of 1,500 wrestling fans, precipitated by a match in which tobacco juice or some other fluid was the deciding factor, reached the grand jury stage here today.

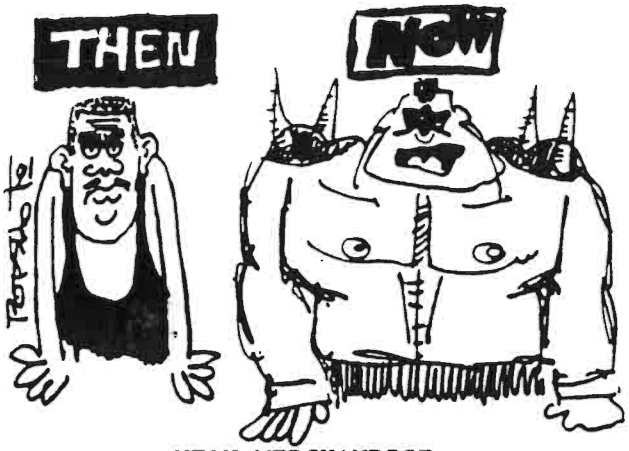
Spectators were incensed when Danno McShain, villain-type mat artist from Seattle, squirted what they thought was tobacco juice into the eyes of Bob Castle, the people's choice, to take the third and deciding fall of their mat battle last night.

McShain insisted he was too much of a gentleman to resort to expectorating anything, much less tobacco juice, in order to triumph. Referee Jack Van Bebber said he saw no spitting, but two members of the grand jury who witnessed the match were of the opinion 1,500 spectators couldn't be wrong.

The grand jury heard testimony from McShain, Van Bebber and Promoter Dutch Mantell, then issued a subpoena for Castle, but the alleged tobacco juice victim had not been found late today.

An investigator for the district attorney's office hinted that whatever McShain might have done was for revenge. Castle, serving as referee, sent a chair crashing down on McShain's head during a match last week.

Castle, apparently blinded for the moment, was tossed easily after the squirting episode. McShain dashed to his dressing room amid boos and cat-calls. Angry fans yelled loud and long and refused to leave the building for more than 10 minutes.



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